

Daily Democrat

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Subscribers are supplied with a notice of the date their subscription will expire ten days in advance of the time; and again with a second notice on the day the last copy paid for is sent. This will enable all persons to keep the run of their accounts, and to renew in time not to miss an issue of the paper.

HOW TO RAISE THE WIND.

The air typifies with wonderful accuracy the extremes of opposites, and is used to illustrate them. At one time it figures the delicate fingers of love with its softened tender caresses, bringing back the remembrance of warm kisses in the rosy time of youth. Again it typifies the onward frenzy of the battling cohorts of the storm; or in grand imagery is represented as the career of war horses, with feet fetlocks deep in the red splashing blood of the lightning. Now the idea of trickery is depicted by its uncertainty, smooth and variable characters; and then its soft and lulling whisperers persuade to the calm confidence of repose.

Life itself is figured in beautiful language as the air we breathe, or "the breath of our nostrils." It is the life, the *pneuma*, as well as the circumambient atmosphere, that folds a delicate veil all around the earth. Poets have used it in their most graceful metaphors, and have gathered all the beauty of language to describe its power, its glory or gentleness. Shakespeare has personified it in the beautiful story of Ariel—the faintest and most spiritual creation ever brought out of the fairy world of romance. Virgil has described it as in the care of Eolus, restrained by his power, and fretting like mighty giants imprisoned and in chains, lest, breaking out the seas and shores, the heavens and the brilliant stars should be swept away by the power of the accumulated storms.

Thus, in every respect, it forms the gorgeous imagery to awaken awe and admiration by the spectacle of irresistible power, or the exquisite playfulness of a kindly and social spirit. Still more it typifies the spirit of unrestrained freedom, and Divine language tells us "the wind bloweth where it listeth." In blue vault, like the dome of a temple not built by hands, covers us in, and makes a grand home of our earth, fairer than poet or painter can depict. Familiar, but with a familiarity that is never wearisome or commonplace, the winds follow laws not fully explained, though obedient to the Power which created them. They tell in the full sails of the merchantman, bearing a nation's treasures over the curled and sparkling deep; and they waft the pleasure boat, with its burden of beauty, over the gentle waves of the Adriatic, or the fresh bosom of the Northern lakes; yet, in each, they are following laws created for them, and have a uniformity in irregularity that the skilled mariner learns and profits by, easily.

Toward the equator, and some degrees on either side, the wind is constant—that is, always blowing in the same direction between the shores of Africa and the eastern coast of America. In the Pacific ocean, however, it does not blow without a rival, though the same eastern wind steps with moist feet from Panama to the Philippines and Australia, and from Sumatra to the eastern shores of the continent from which it started, "putting a girdle about the earth," though not "for forty minutes." The regularity and constancy of these breezes make them known as *trade winds*. These, however, are broken by the Indian monsoon which, signalled in the awful grandeur of a tropical thunder-storm, burst from a heaven of fire to be extinguished in deluging torrents of rain. These constant and periodical winds, as shown by their regularity, are governed by fixed laws. The trade winds owe their constancy and regularity to the united action of the solar rays and the earth's rotation, as has been pointed out by Hadley. The heat imparted by a vertical sun causes a constantly ascending aerial current, and this causes a constant flow of the colder particles to supply its place. This alone would cause a constant current, pouring respectively from the north and the south poles towards the equator, but the increased velocity of the earth about the centre is ill adapted to these particles acquiring a corresponding speed, and, therefore, in obedience to mechanical laws, they assume a westerly direction.

Then beyond the regions of these winds are what are termed *variable or erratic winds*, more capricious, but doubtless governed by fixed laws. Of these the southwest and northeast prevail during the greater portion of the year, and by their conflict Professor Dove, of Berlin, has explained the production of the others. The ascending current diverges at a certain height to either pole; that in the northern hemisphere taking a westerly direction, and about the thirtieth parallel of longitude sinking lower in the atmosphere, giving rise to southwest winds. The northeast breezes, frequent in the early spring, arise from the flow of the particles subsiding to replace the heated air over the Atlantic, caused by the approach of the sun to summer solstice.

These winds are, however, friendly to man, and differ strongly from the hurricanes and typhoons, whose object seems wrath and destruction in the irresistible power. Both of these have a revolving, progressive, impetuous course, though one of them, the typhoon, is found only in the China Seas.

They are preceded by a deceptive calm, accompanied by an oppressive sultriness; then a deep sound is heard, and suddenly the wild lashing of the swift couriers of the wind down even the appalling sounds of the thunder.

A peculiarity of these hurricanes is their gyratory motions. A chart of them would be represented by a lasso thrown out, but containing a number of successive coils or loops. The wind veers steadily around these coils or loops, but always prefiguring steadily to the end of the rope. By this means a storm may be advancing only ten

miles an hour, while the veering wind is blowing around the circles and forward at the rate of fifty miles per hour.

These destructive hurricanes are not common in our latitude, though the one which passed over Indiana in 1857-8 will be recalled. It tore up and twisted oaks of six feet girth, and cut a wild path through the forest, still visible in some places, like a scythe in grass. It caught up houses and scattered their ruins a distance of twenty miles. A half an hour sufficed for it to pass in thunder and lightning and leave the day with a golden sunset looking on destruction and promising a fair to-morrow. The explanation of these gyratory phenomena is too tedious for a newspaper. We can only close by saying they are in obedience to fixed laws.

It is thought Mr. Fessenden will succeed in preventing any future robbing of the Treasury. Perhaps by leaving nothing in it to rob.

The President is fast arriving at that period when he will always "keep his word," because he can find no one who will take it.

England tried to prevent the "breaking out" of the Danish war, but the Danes wouldn't take John Bull's sarsaparilla.

As the monitors must have a tugboat to pull them out of action, they may be said to be fire and—tow.

It is not important that monitors should have good bottoms, as they now have the bottom of the ocean.

Spain, off the coast of Peru, is engaged in the pleasant business of catching Chinches.

The Schleswig-Holstein peace conference would not even say, "Dane to make peace."

Providence is so dissatisfied with our doings it has evidently told us to "dry up."

To rig a jury mast at sea, the Captain must have kept a suitable log.

The day of some commanders in a hostile city is like a Day of Algiers.

It is contradictory for men of loose habits to be habitually tight.

The people of America, like Shakespeare, are often "quoted."

A lock from a hair trigger is a queer token of affection.

Is a ship mangled by "ironing" her out?

SHARES.—Chas. Dickens, in his "Mutual Friend," magnifies "Shares" as follows. There are many this side the ocean who have already adopted his doctrine. They have no country, no heart, no convictions. Their entire being is "Shares."

The mature young lady is a lady of property. The mature young gentleman is a gentleman of property. He invests his property. He goes, in a condescending amiable way, into the city, attends meetings of directors, and has to do with traffic in shares. As is well known to the wise in their generation, traffic in shares is the one thing to have to do with in the world. Have no antecedents, no established character, no cultivation, no ideas, no manners, have shares. Have shares enough to be on boards of directors in capital letters, oscillate on mysterious business between London and Paris, and be received until his prey had caught "Shares." Where is he going to? Shares. What are his tastes? Shares. Has he any principles? Shares. What squeezes him into Parliament? Shares. Perhaps he never himself achieved success in anything, never originated anything, never produced anything. Sufficient answer to all: Shares. (O, mighty Shares! to set those blaring images so high, and to cause us smaller remnants of ourselves to be known as "Shares" or "opinion," to cry out, night and day, "Relieve us of our money, scatter it for us, buy us and sell us, ruin us only, we beseech you, take rank among the powers of the earth and fatten on us!")

A good story is told of a Seneca Indian, a member of a New York regiment, who, he could capture a rebel sharpshooter. He enveloped himself in pine boughs till he looked like a tree, and by slow movements advanced near the sharpshooter's post. Here he patiently waited until his prey had emptied his place at one of our men, when he suddenly brought his musket to bear on the rebel, giving him no time to reload. The sharpshooter was taken at a disadvantage. The rebels will no doubt object to this unfair mode of warfare.

The newspaper business, by reason of its enormous high prices, taxation, &c., is so unprofitable that one of the most talented assistants of a morning daily in New York City has just thrown down the pen and opened a broker's office in Wall street; another has turned auctioneer, and a third has gone into the country to work on a farm. From the weekly journals there are similar subtractions. Mechanical labor is getting better and better pay every day, and brain work is growing cheaper and cheaper.

DISGRACED.—The Tribune says: Second Lieut. Donald Gillis, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth N. Y. V., having tendered his resignation on the ground that a wound received at Gettysburg has so intimidated him that he has become constitutionally coward—unfit to lead his company, has been honorably dismissed the service, with loss of all pay and allowances.

The Honorable Ratomjee Jamettejee Jeejeebhoy, Member of the Legislative Council of Bombay, and son of the late Sir Jamettejee Jeejeebhoy, has given \$25,000 to be distributed among the poor of London. Well done for Ratomjee Jamettejee Jeejeebhoy.

The first iron-clad war vessels ever constructed in Russia have just been safely launched from the new dockyard in St. Petersburg. Their names are the *Netron* (Touch-me-not) and the *Smerch* (Water-spout).

The greatest plague of the Turkish Empire is locusts, and the Government hires the people to destroy the unfledged. Official accounts show that last year more than ten million pounds of locusts were thus destroyed.

DRAWING IT FINE.—Three young men having been arrested in Rochester for passing counterfeit tens on the West Windfall bank, the Democrat says that "their indiscretion is a matter of keen regret to all their friends."

A machine for taking the eyes and nose, invented by a Frenchman, and worked by a galvanic battery, is about to be adopted by the French Corps Legislatif.

A Richmond paper calls the shelling of Petersburg "Yankee conchology."

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]
OURS LOVED AND GONE BEFORE.

APPEALINGLY INSCRIBED TO MR. W. W. TAYLOR, OF LOUISVILLE.

They are resting, calmly resting
 In their lone and silent graves,
 On the hill-top, in the valley,
 "Neath the cold and limpid waves.
 They are sleeping, quietly sleeping
 Where the moonbeams softly play,
 While above their rest we're weeping—
 They are guiding us away.

In the noontide, on the meadows,
 We can find them as 'twere
 Orphans weeping, lonely widows,
 Crowded hearts with wild despair.
 They are singing, sweetly singing,
 Listen to the joy they bring:
 O'er graves bright flowers are springing,
 Round our hearts their memories cling.

Cease thy weeping, hush thy wailing
 Still o'er the lost, the best, and free;
 When, in life, all else is falling,
 God has other goods for thee.
 They are waiting, they are waiting
 Through the pure and lambent air,
 To our lives a solace bringing
 From the Great beyond compare.

Kiss the rod of Saviour's hand, then,
 Calm thy soul in sweet repose;
 'Tis but a passing cloud attends thee,
 Sunshine follows all our woes.
 Spirits of the loved are watching
 O'er our slumbers as we rest,
 Giving us a glimpse of heaven,
 Where the just are truly blest.

Children at His feet are praying,
 Pined now in knowledge grown;
 Smiles to win thee from thy straying,
 Winning thee to joys unknown.
 There thy husband fond is waiting,
 Waiting on that other shore,
 All our loved ones but craving
 Is a home forever more.

Will you call them back to wander,
 Pined and pining in their graves;
 Still o'er the lost and doubting ponder,
 Just to be thy joy and guide?

No, no, no! our selfish plagues
 Turn "Our Father's" face away;
 We will cease our vain repining,
 And His loving call obey.

He has chastised thy sorrow,
 Not in anger but in love;
 Whom He smiles He loves sincerely,
 Back again our hearts to move.

All we love are gladly singing,
 Joining in one mighty psalm;
 We will strive, our voices ringing,
 Glory to the "Great I Am."

THURSTON HOPE.
 SHELBYVILLE, KY., July 18, 1864.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]
HEART SECRETS.

BY E. KENNEDY EVANS.

Deep in my soul are secret thoughts,
 That I have harbored there,
 And kept them from the world apart,
 Like flowers rich and rare.

Like glittering gems of priceless worth,
 Or cherished gifts of love,
 I've kept them from the eyes of all,
 Save angel eyes above.

And even now I would not break
 The seal that's on them set,
 For all the hopes of childhood's hours
 Are lingering round them yet;

And all the sorrows, all the fears,
 The secret joys and pains,
 And oh! to tell these secrets now,
 Would break this heart asunder.

The Home of Garibaldi.

A correspondent of the London News, writing from Ischia, under date of June 26, speaks of Garibaldi as follows in his present retreat. We quote:

I had the pleasure of seeing Garibaldi yesterday, well in health, gentle as usual in manner, receiving with kindness the hundreds who flock here in the daily steamboat, whether real friends, or as intruders on his privacy and time. He has grown fatter, is in good spirits, but his wounded foot pains him sorely at times. He assured me that his general health was good, but the malmed part was still painful. The first use of the healing waters, which have the primary effect of increasing the suffering—the better, he it hoped, to perfect the cure.

His cool retreat commands a splendid view over hills and valleys and gardens. Vines, figs, pomegranates and pepper trees, an occasional cypress and lovely oleander, orange and peach and almond trees, fill up the garden. The view of the sea, the curve of the little bay, where a picturesque town, its church and neighboring villas, encircled by curiously formed hills, cultivated to the summit, terminates in a bluff point, crown by a small old watch-tower. On the pavilion in front of the window floats the Italian banner, and wherever else it is possible to stick one up. And all this lovely amphitheatre was like a scene in a fairy tale last night.

Delightful paths are cut through the vines, which rest on trellis, and under these I heard whisperings and footsteps, and looked out to see whether friends or foes were lurking about the shadows. Suddenly the bright star of Italy rose from the tallest fig tree; every tree and bush gave out a Bengal light, red or green; and torches waved on the tops of buildings, and formed a double arch across the amphitheatre of vines above Gen. Garibaldi's apartments. As the torches waved, an amateur band struck up the well-known hymn, and many voices shouted in Italian, "Viva Garibaldi!" The hymn is echoed by every Italian, "Va fuori, straniero!" They played bravely, as the music died away, the men and women sang, and on the summit of the hill, a group of men, some in uniform, some in civilian dress, gave another parting verse of the war hymn, and extinguished their torches one by one. I never saw so beautiful a scene, or one that went so quickly to my heart. Nearly one hundred people came across the sea to welcome their deliverer, and I saw a deputation of ten or twelve respectable-looking men retire from their interview with waving hands and moistened eyes. One of the men, a stout, middle-aged man, with a white beard, and a great mass of white hair, said to me, "What a great man!" Others could not speak. Every steamboat lands its living cargo, all laden with presents. To-day came a word-bird, dressed up with flowers.

There goes a pair of English shoes for our General, and a basket full of good things. All bring, according to their means, and, as a Florentine remarked to me, "He is like the Nazarene! He has no money, yet he travels everywhere." The poor, and naked, and outcast walk past the General's corridor. He shakes hands with all. Women touch him by kissing his face. Strangers force their hands and their company on him, and sit staring at him. He endures all with a patience truly wonderful.

While I write, three hundred students and others have come in by steamers from Naples, and are now shaking hands with the General, who, not feeling well this morning, put off the ceremony till 8 p. m. I hear the serenade and illumination scene of last night is to be repeated every evening on a grand scale; but, what mostly strikes a stranger, is the affection, heartfelt and sincere, and the respectful homage expressed in every face.

The Philadelphia Press assigns as one reason why the Round Table did not succeed that it was not purely a literary paper. One of its leading contributors was General McClellan, a gentleman understood to be a Presidential candidate; and while it professed to be, and was in some measure, independent, its opinions were perceptibly influenced by the party in opposition to the Administration.

Ex-Judge Thompson, who was banished from the State of Western Virginia some months ago, on account of his hostile attitude to the Government, has been permitted to return on the condition that he take the oath of allegiance and discontinue the suit entered by him against Governor Pierpont, these being the terms mentioned in his application to the War Department.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]
THE SCHOOLMA'AM ABROAD.

Fanny Greenleaf's Visit East.

Mr. Upton, N. Y., July 20, 1864.

Dear Mr. Editor: If your readers like visiting sketches, please gratify them by inserting a little of my experience—the experience of a Western schoolma'am—in your Sunday paper. Our local habitation is Chicago. We left it, not to seek a name, however, on the evening of July 7th. The aristocratic portion of Chicago pedagogues and pedagogues betake themselves to the water every summer. Belonging to this class, my two companions and myself took passage on board the *Wabash* for a trip to Buffalo. Amongst a crowd of 175 passengers there must of necessity exist an infant Babel. The portion which we joined consisted of a widower, a Senator, a clergyman, an artist, an elderly gentleman with white whiskers, ditto with black whiskers, and the good-natured porter of the boat. These, with ourselves and seven other schoolma'ams, constituted the talking committee, the drinking committee, the gossiping club, and glee club of the *Wabash*.

All went merry as a marriage bell, excepting the marriage. We had a kind old lady on board, aged 51, with no attendant. She gave us good advice about our manner of living and habits generally. Her activity and jovial disposition soon made her a favorite with all. She is the mother of a well-known author of one of the works on rhetoric and English literature in common use.

Another passenger attracted our attention. I hardly think she indulges in the weakness of the day, so I will not hesitate to make further mention of her. She had a son, a sweet-faced youth of scarce sixteen whose weight would be not far from 150—years, a delicate (?), sensitive child, of an inquiring turn of mind. He would frequently ask his ma for permission to stroll on deck. The answer was always accompanied with an appeal to himself, in this wise:

"You know you're not well; so sit still and lean your head on my lap."
 "Well, ma, let me go out just a little while."
 "Oh! you're always a-lassin' of me. You can't go; so just shut your black!"

At table one day, after partaking heartily of the meat and potato portion of the dinner, and eating two quart portions of pie, she gave him a glass of sweetened brandy and water because he had no appetite!

Then we had a couple just starting on their bridal tour. Some ancient unmarried ladies, too, with big boxes, little boxes, school reports, and bundles. All of these, yes, and more, were packed into the state-rooms of the *Wabash*.

At Milwaukee we went ashore to ice cream ourselves. The article so-called tasted like the following: Take powdered chalk and mix it with equal quantities of milk and water, flavored with almonds. One saucer such sufficed us. At Detroit, we were more fortunate. But, before reaching there, we stopped several hours at Macineac. There we saw many curious works said to be of Indian manufacture. Macineac trout are caught in large quantities, and were relished well. They sell at \$9 a barrel in that section. About every alternate house is an "Indian Bazaar." The town is very clean, solid pavements, wide streets.

Before parting from each other we sang "Auld Lang Syne." The elderly gentleman with white whiskers, above-mentioned, gave us the following new version—new at least to us:

"I wish I was the President
 Of these United States,
 To give you all my dollar's worth,
 And swing upon the gates."

We all sang it after his repetition, and he added the following:

"I wish I was a brewer's horse
 To trot upon the streets,
 To give you all my dollar's worth,
 And swing upon the gates."

Which was sung with even more spirit than the first. Then a good hall fellow gave us his famous Dutch song, "John Schmidt," in his happiest style, one of the jolliest songs I ever heard. There seemed to be no end to the shaking of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, good-byes, and God speed you, as the parting finally came. Our watchword is "Wabash," and if this meets the eye of any of your pay and happy passengers they will instantly recall all that I have mentioned.

Before I close I must tell you of our dinner at Buffalo. We were promised by the truth-loving (?) landlord of the well—the house opposite the great depot, that we should have an extra dinner. After our stroll around town we came back and sat down to the remains of a once passable meal. But there was a scarcity of everything. No pease, no cucumbers, soiled napkins, and a pretty poor table. We called for cucumbers repeatedly. The answer invariably was, "All gone." Then we said, "Why don't you send for more?" After wearying of our importunities, they sent for some. Then the waiter came round, saying to each, "Will you have some pie, or wait for cucumbers?" Strange substitute for pie they have in Buffalo. Of course we took both.

If you choose, Mr. Editor, I will give a brief history of our visit to Niagara and the Big Falls in a subsequent letter.

Before I close I desire to make mention of the kindness of good Captain S. of the *Wabash*. He and his kind-hearted steward and porter made many friends on that trip from Chicago.

Yours respectfully,
 FANNY GREENLEAF.

A volume of letters written by Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate Queen of France, will soon appear. They are, we are assured in the preface, now given to the public for the first time, with the exception of a very few, and have been carefully copied from the originals in the possession of the editor, Count d'Hunolstein, formerly deputy of the department of the Moselle. The correspondence embraces a period of twenty-three years, from 1770, the period of her marriage, when she was only fifteen years old, to 1792, a year before her death.

The small pox has been raging in Keokuk, Iowa, having been communicated to some infected clothes a woman took to the town to wash, that were stolen while she was gone for a wash-day.

A man at Versailles, France, who was a priest for debauching his wife, was acquitted on the trial by jury without a moment's hesitation.

The following remarkable advertisement appeared in an English paper: "Pacher Wastler" wanted, a thoroughly experienced teacher, by a farmer in the neighborhood. Good encouragement will be given. Apply by letter to—, Post-office—, This is very game indeed.

Switzerland possesses 188 political journals, and 168 periodicals devoted to science, literature, agriculture, fashions, &c.; 9 journals appear seven times a week, 27 six times, 2 four times, 25 three times, 67 twice, 75 once, the others once a month, or at longer periods.

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[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]
LURA.

May, sing not to me of the beautiful islands.

Embosomed like gems in a tropical sea:
 But give me a home in the beautiful Highlands,
 Where softly murmur the musical Dees,
 Along their bright banks, bespangled with flowers,
 How often they wandered at evening fall,
 While zephyrs were sighing "among laughing lovers."

And woodland reechoed the nightingale's call
 Near, sing not of Houri in mythical Aides,
 Nor Peri that haunt Ocean's green waves;
 Nor radiant beauty of Western maidens:
 Nor Naiads, dwelling in cool cave—
 But far as the fish of a midsummer even,
 When halos of glory throb and cloud and sea,
 Or like a bright vision unfolded from Heaven—
 Loved Lura, the pride of the murmuring Dees!

How sweetly the joy and merriment morning
 Lounging their glowing wings, the Eldon tower,
 And glad the chorus of rivulets, tuning
 Their voices in melody down the sea!
 But never to hallow the song of my Lura;
 And sweeter than streamlet her magical tone,
 One Highland, now Lura was tell of a purer
 Than Lura of Lura, my beautiful Highlands,
 July, 1864.

KIT OWENLEY.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]
TO "BURCHAM."

Through the long watches of the summer night,
 I've wandered o'er the path adieu to rest,
 In Memory's halls—by Recollection's light,
 Read o'er the names by Friendship's fingers traced.

"Forgotten" is a word unknown to me,
 While "In Memoriam" is written everywhere;
 As the shell holds the murmur of the sea,
 My heart thy name, but 'tis not "Burcham" there.

I had no thought when, in the "long ago,"
 My "well and pleasant father" within thy home,
 That thy proud heart had ever felt the glow
 That from the realms of Poetry doth come.

Say if my songs upon thy spirit steal,
 Like balmy dewdrops on the drooping flower;
 Throw of the mask at once, thy self reveal—
 Meet me at twilight's sweet and winking hour.

BLOOMINGTON, KY., July 20, 1864.

An Irreligious Stomach.

BY REV. J. L. CORNING.

My boyish memories of Deacon B— picture him before me as one of the most radiant of spirits. His face beamed with sublimity, and his eye, even in the dimness of gathering age, had an almost joyous twinkle. If any saint had a right to forever monkey and be merry and sing, it was Deacon B—.

He was a man who had been a soldier, and who carried a joint of mutton to a poor convalescent and a Shorter Catechism to an obstinate Armenian with equal enthusiasm. There never was such a flaming torch among the cold embers of an orthodox prayer-meeting as our Deacon.

With some pungent exhortation, some startling and homely metaphor, some telling anecdote, he would make sleep, Christians rub their eyes open, and redeem a sordid conference from utter bankruptcy.

In his most earnest and serious moments there was something comical about him. His sense of the ludicrous lay near the surface, and here and there its nerve dropped out in full vision and contact with the affairs of life. It was no fault of the Deacon's, but rather, a divine ordinance of heaven, by virtue of which the pivot of a telltale and fearful life were lubricated. Our quaint exhorter not seldom made some laugh in circumstances the most solemn, but what was his fault? He was a man, and what was his fault?

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